

introduced they are written in full. When the sporting journals and the bags made by sportsmen on the moors or in preserves, such a flimsy veil of secrecy is not thrown over the proceedings. There is no reason why mystery should be more needful in India, it looks as if there was something to be ashamed of, and the practice is a vain and unmeaning one which we hope to see discontinued.

RECORDS OF SPORT IN ASSAM.

(Continued from page 412.)

On the 6th May we arrived at a place called Sonapillee, where it was reported there were rhinos in numbers. We went out on the 7th and saw very many fresh marks of rhinos, but they had betaken themselves to the very heavy covers, where we could not follow. Mr McDonald had the Luckeepore Rajah's famous one-tusk elephant Mainah, whilst I had my old shikarie, Lutchmee. We soon saw some very fine marsh-deer. I wounded a buck and knocked over another. Leaving this on the ground I went in chase of the wounded one, and Mr McDonald joined me. We formed a semi-circle and were beating quietly along, when suddenly and without provocation, five buffaloes charged upon us simultaneously. Mainah rolled over the one that came at him, and Mr McDonald polished it off at once. The others after charging the beating elephants came down upon me. Lutchmee bolted but I stopped him from closing with her, and though two or three of them got badly mauled during the scrimmage, they escaped for the time. I never saw such a thing happen before; we had not molested these brutes in any way; we had not even seen them until they charged home. A solitary bull, or a wounded buff, or a cow with a calf, will at times fight to the death, but for a whole herd to charge as these did, is as far as I am concerned, unprecedented, and I have seen very many buffs killed in my day both in Burmah and Assam. We got my wounded buck, but on going to pick up the one I had rolled over and left, it was gone! The villagers, however, brought it in during the course of the day; it had run into some long grass and died there. We wounded two or three more deer but they got away. As this place did not promise well for rhinos, and as my companion was very anxious to kill one, we moved camp to Busbaree, going straight across country. I shot a fine boar near the *bheel* when the buffs charged, and just beyond came upon the fresh tracks of a rhino, and followed carefully. We went a good four miles before we came upon it lying in a mud hole, with a *butcha* playing around it. We soon fired four or five shots into it but without cause; our elephants bolted, even the great Mainah who was never known to do such a thing before this enabled the rhino to get out of the mud-hole and to run a few yards, but it soon rolled over. When we got back our elephants, McDonald fired at the rhino and unfortu-

nately hit the *butcha* which happened to be standing alongside its dying mother, so there was nothing for it but to kill the poor little brute, which we did. We could have easily caught it, and as Jamrach and Co. give from Rupees 600 to 800 for these brutes, catching a few would be no bad speculation. We reached our halting place about three in the afternoon.

May 9th.—We followed the course of a stream until we came upon the fresh tracks of a rhino, then McDonald followed first and I immediately behind. McDonald soon had a shot at a fine male rhino and wounded it badly. In following this one up, we came to some very heavy grass and into a patch of it; Mainah refused to go, mine held back too, so we guessed that there were rhinos before us. My Mahout Sookur told Mainah's mahout to take his elephant out of the way and drove Lutchmee headlong into the grass, Mainah being to my left. We had nearly gone through this patch without seeing or disturbing anything, when I happened to look back to my right, and there within ten yards of me stood a rhino craning its neck until its eyes seemed to start out of its head looking up at me; fortunately I killed it dead; it was so near, that had it charged, I could neither have stopped it nor got out of the way; and charge it would have, as it had a *butcha* alongside. Wishing to catch this one, we did not disturb its mother, but sent back one of the beating elephants to the village to bring nets and men and to call Seetaram, Sookur's uncle, who is an old hand at this sort of work. We had not gone very far when it came on to rain, and we made up our minds to go home; but coming on fresh marks again, we could not resist the temptation of following them up. We had gone a considerable distance and into very heavy grass, when Mainah's mahout suddenly turned his elephant off at a right-angle to the direction we had been going. Sookur went straight on, and I don't suppose we had gone above fifty yards when I came upon two rhinos standing alongside of each other and looking towards my direction. I had not even a gun in my hand, as it was raining. (I have waterproof flaps to the sides of my howdah, and if it rains I turn these over the guns, which keep perfectly dry). I could only see the ears, part of head and part of back of each brute; but guessing for the chest I fired at the largest, a scream and a headlong charge was the result. Lutchmee spun round and went off at her best pace which fortunately is beyond that of most elephants. I had just time to turn round and fire into a mass of flesh almost touching my elephant's rear, and fortunately knocked the brute right over and saved Lutchmee from a severe cut. Rhinos never use their horn as an offensive weapon. They use their long and sharp tusks much in the way a wild boar does, and fearful wounds they can inflict with them too. By the time I got back, the rhino had got up and gone into some very heavy jungle, and every time I went near it, charged savagely. The cover was so dense I could not see it, until it was almost touching the elephant. So having escaped another charge, I

considered discretion the better part of valour and left it. I was it could not live as the blood was literally pouring from it. I found afterwards the bullet, a belted one from a Lang muzzle-loader No. 10 bore, driven with $5\frac{1}{2}$ drams of powder, had entered near the shoulder-blades on the back and passed clean out at the stomach. At this time I was wondering what had become of McDonald and why he did not come to my assistance. Lutchmee was so unsteady, that to take her after any more rhino that day would have been foolish, so after searching about for McDonald for upwards of an hour, I went back to the village and sent men off to bring in the *butcha* rhino and the head of the one killed. McDonald turned up about five in the evening. Mainah had run away with him clear across country, floundering down and up steep nasty nullahs, until he reached our former camp at Souapillee, a good eight miles off, and nothing would induce him to come back the way he bolted; so he had to be taken by village roads from village to village and only reached camp at the hour I mentioned. Fortunately, McDonald had the grub basket with him, and he escaped with only a good shaking and ducking for it rained the greater part of the day, and as he had no flaps to his howdah, the guns came to grief rather. What could have come over this splendid shikarie elephant, this trip, I can't conceive; I was never known to funk before, and again this year when Major Comlin had him out, he showed his usual pluck and indifference to all kinds of game including rhinos. McDonald had a theory that to keep up the pluck of the mahout, it was necessary to give him opium; he thus kept a supply of this drug by him and kept doling it out to the mahout, and I fancy an over-dose of opium has much the same effect as an over-dose of brandy, and is apt to shake a man's nerves. The mahout, who has seen perhaps more game killed off Mainah than most men, had always behaved well, but on this occasion, I am inclined to think, he funked and communicated his unsteadiness to his elephant, who lost confidence and bolted. The rhino *butcha* was brought in at ten at night, carried by some fifteen coolies; they got him entangled in the meshes of a net, closed upon him and had him securely tied in a very short time. When we saw him next morning, he was far more savage than any tiger would have been. He was tied to four posts by the hind and fore-legs, and also had a stout rope round his neck. Whenever any body went near him, he tried all he could to break his bondages and to charge open-mouthed, yet in two days he would feed out of Sookur's hand, and in a week follow him about anywhere.

May 10th.—We moved camp to Gopenigoun to-day, leaving Sookur behind in charge of the young rhino. Heavy rain all day. In the afternoon we tried for rhino and soon came upon one, but just as McDonald was going to fire, his elephant swerved and he missed. I gave chase but fast as Lutchmee is, she could not overtake this brute who got away. Next day McDonald had to leave me to

catch a steamer at Goalparah, and a miserable journey he had of it. I went back to Busbaree.

On the 11th, I moved to Sonapillee and looked for the rhino I had wounded on the 9th, and found it dead in the patch where I had left it; took off the horn and gave orders to the villagers to bring in the head and to keep the others till I could send for them. Near the *bheel* where the buffs had charged us on the 7th, I found two buffs dead. I came across marsh-deer and killed a young buck, left a pad elephant to bring it on and went on myself. I saw two hog-deer, both bucks, standing together; shot one through the neck and the other through the body with my heavy Lang; got both bolted, but my pad elephant which had been left behind to bring on the marsh-deer, found the one shot through the neck, and the villagers the other. I then came upon another herd, headed by the finest buck marsh-deer I think I ever saw. I shot him through the body and had to put two more bullets into him before I got him. The horns were in velvet, but the horn had formed and each had eight tines or points; and as he was in his prime, the head altogether was one of the finest I have ever seen of this kind of deer. He was rolling with fat, lumps of fat actually coming through the bullet-holes where he was hit in the back. I shot two partridges, but saw nothing else this trip. I had very little shooting during the rest of this year, but in my next I will describe localities for sport and fishing in the Cossyah Hills, and some wonderful luck we had last April amongst the rhinos. Two of us in fifteen days having marched some 230 miles and killed 13 rhinos, lost eleven others; one tiger; one bear, lost one; three buffs; seven buck marsh-deer; four hog-deer; four boars; one buck-sambur; two florikan; two doe marsh-deer; and 164lbs. of mahaseer.

SHOOTING IN CHANG CHENMO AND ADJACENT DISTRICTS IN 1870.

(Continued from page 418.)

ON reaching the summit of the Pass, we had a good view of the country beyond, which certainly did not look favourable for an advance. It was from this point that Mr. Hayward returned, and had to seek for another route, when attempting to discover the headwaters of the Karakash River. Descending eight miles on the other side, we had the good fortune to find a spot where grass, water, and fuel were procurable, and encamped there. The only remaining difficulty now was a supply of meat for the men. With the double purpose therefore of reconnoitring for next day's march, and picking up anything in the way of animal food, we sallied out in the evening taking different directions. My companion sighted scores of burrell, and a fine herd of eleven wild yak, one of which had a *white* tail; now by a strange